The Southern Herald.

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TO THE HONEST LIAR.

Here's to the man who lies to us, who's
careless of the truth,
Who slaps us on the back and says: "Gee!
How you hold your youth."
Who shrinks not at the future when he
has a lie to tell,
But when you're sick and tired and blue,
declares: "You're looking well!"

Here's to the man who tells us lies when
solemn truth would hurt,
Who says: "I'd back you through and
through, if it should take my shirt."
Who, when you're "off" and cannot
write, just as you think you should,
Will tune you up for better things with:
"That's what I call good!"

Oh, when you paint a picture that is
wrong in every part,
Will make you think the daub is great by
saying: "Now, that's art!"
He lies—but it's in charity, if lying ever
was,
So, here's his health, for, though he lies,
he's honest when he does.
—Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

HER WEDDING RING.

"Patty, what's the matter with you and Len?"

Patty, who was helping Aunt Martha to cut apples for drying, colored as she stooped for a fresh handful from the basket.

"I don't know what ails Leonard, Aunt Martha, and there's nothing the matter with me."

"Humph!" said Aunt Martha, impatiently. "You know as well as I do what I mean. Have you and Len been quarreling?"

"No, indeed! What should we quarrel about?"

"Well, I thought that neither of you seemed in a very amiable humor to-day, and I fancy he thinks you don't treat him well."

"Don't treat him well!" exclaimed Patty, indignantly. "How does he want to be treated, I should like to know?"

"Well, you know, he's a little bashful, and inclined to be doubtful and hold back; and such men need encouragement. It was the way with his father, and if 'Liz'beth Jane hadn't coaxed and led him on—almost popped the question herself, I r'ally don't think as that man would ever have come to the pint, though he was dying in love with her; and Len's just like his father."

"Len will get no coaxing from me, he may be sure," said Patty, tossing her head. "A man who can't go straight forward and do what he wants, without waiting to be encouraged, isn't worth having."

"He says," resumed Aunt Martha calmly, "that last night at the Webbs' you were all the time laughing and talking and dancing with young John Beattie."

"Because John Beattie talked and danced with me. Len could have done the same if he had chosen, instead of skulking about in corners, like a spider, watching me," and the tears started into Patty's eyes. * * *

Len looked wistfully at Patty as he laid down a book on the kitchen dresser and drew up a rush-bottomed chair.

"Can't you make me of some use, Aunt Martha?" he said, as he turned back his wristbands. "My hands are rather clumsy, but I wasn't brought up at Orchard Farm not to know how to peel and cut an apple."

"You may take my place," said his aunt, briskly, rising and spreading a clean towel across his knees, "while I go and look after that kettle—which must be b'iling over by this time."

Then Len began with great care to pare an apple, while Patty, with nimble fingers peeled half a dozen and dropped them into the pan.

"How fast you are!" said Len, admiringly.

"Better be fast than slow," she answered, sharply.

And, cutting around an apple with redoubled rapidity, it slipped from her hand and rolled across the floor.

"'More haste, less speed,'" laughed Len.

Patty thought to herself that he shouldn't see her vexed, so she said, quietly:

"There's to be a little dance at Mrs. Ballard's to-morrow night. Emma stepped in just now to ask us. I told her we'd go if it didn't rain."

"Oh, it won't rain—at least, I hope not."

"Why?" said Patty, picking among the apples and knowing very well that it was because he wanted to walk with her across the fields and through the pretty maplewood path.

"Why," said Len, awkwardly, "you know, a fellow don't like to get a ducking."

"Some people would be better for a ducking," she retorted, and to add poignancy to the remark she added: "John Beattie don't mind getting wet. He says he enjoys it, and he likes it to rain when there is a party."

"Very probably. Geese and bears generally enjoy rain. But he might consider that it wouldn't be so agreeable to the ladies."

"He says,"—Patty hesitated a little and again dived into the basket—"he says he likes it because he has to bring home the girls under an umbrella."

And she gave a little forced giggle, and glanced slyly at Len, as in turn he dipped into the basket.

Wouldn't he take this hint?

"Ah, indeed! And I suppose he expects to bring you home to-morrow night under an umbrella."

"He hasn't asked me. Of course, I shall have to accept if he does—and nobody else offers."

"So you don't mind whom you go with? You'd as lief have one as another?" said Len, looking at her for an instant, and then coloring and dropping his eyes on his work.

"Was there ever such stupidity!" Aunt Martha thought, as she listened while stirring her preserves.

And Patty's cheeks flushed and her eyes half-filled with tears as she thought of Len's father and the long seven years of waiting.

She rose from her seat and shook the bits of parings from her apron.

"I always accept the first offer!" she said, with great decision; and she walked off, leaving Len savagely stabbing an apple, as though it had been the heart of, to him, objectionable John Beattie.

"If she's so indifferent as that," he reflected, "it's of no use my wasting any more thought upon her. She has as much as told me plainly that she cares no more for me than for any other man."

And he flung the ill-used apple out of the window, and, going into the garden, walked gloomily up and down with his hands deep in his pockets, pretending to whistle a gay tune.

Presently he heard a horse stop at the front gate, and, looking in that direction, saw John Beattie alight, with an air of easy dash which he had many a time envied.

He watched Patty and John sitting on the front porch, under the roses, laughing and chatting, and heard John say, when rising to go:

"I'll be punctual to-morrow, Miss Patty—rain or no rain."

He had hardly mounted and ridden off when a buggy came briskly down the road, and the young man who was driving stopped and called to Len.

They stood awhile talking at the gate, and then Leonard went hastily to the kitchen.

"Aunt Martha, if you don't want me, I'll drive to Evansville with Dick Elbridge. Be back day after to-morrow, probably."

Patty heard this from her bedroom upstairs, and, going to the window, peeped through the curtain, watching the tall figure in the buggy till it was out of sight.

Then she lay down on her little white dimity bed and cried bitterly.

But this was nothing to her trouble when, on the day following, a letter came from Len to Aunt Martha, begging that she would be good enough to pack up certain of his clothes and send them to Evansville by Job Hale's wagon.

He had arranged to go with Job's brother to Australia, where the latter had a promising sheep run.

He thought he could do better there than at home; and he sent much love to Aunt Martha, and would she please bid Patty "good-by" for him?

He had no time to go and see her, as they were to start to-morrow by sunrise, and there were preparations to be made.

Aunt Martha packed the portmanteau, but instead of waiting for Job's vehicle, placed it in her own little wagon, and, with Patty beside her, drove to Evansville.

Patty went to Cousin Letitia's while her aunt had an interview with Len.

But as they drove into town whom should they meet but Leonard himself, strolling listlessly along the street, and looking in anything but joyous anticipation of his proposed trip to the antipodes.

He came up when Aunt Martha beckoned, and stood for a few moments talking.

He was firm in his plan of going abroad, and the good lady knew there would be no use in attempting to dissuade him.

So she proposed to drive to the Hales', and there leave Len's bag and transact some business in the neighborhood, if he would see Patty to Cousin Letitia's.

The two were very silent as they walked along.

Patty looked at the shop windows as she passed, pretending a great interest in the display of goods, and especially the fashion plates in the dressmaker's window.

Presently, passing the only jeweler's in the town, they both stopped to admire a little clock, the pendulum of which was two children playing at see-saw.

"Patty," said Len, in a subdued tone, "I should like to get you some little thing to remember me by. We may never meet again, you know."

"I don't need anything to remember you by, Len. I never forget any of my friends."

"But just some little trifle that I should like you to wear for my sake. There's a little box of rings. Will—would you wear one as a keepsake, Patty?"

She was about again to refuse, when, glancing over the box, her eyes suddenly brightened.

She walked quietly into the shop by Len's side.

The jeweler placed the box before them.

Len chose a ring with a tiny ruby set in a golden heart, but Patty thought it wouldn't fit.

"Then choose one for yourself," said Len. "You are the best judge of what is pretty."

So the girl looked carefully over the little box, and, selecting three rings, tried them on, one after the other, while the man, who knew them, waited upon another customer.

"I would rather have a plain one," said Patty. "This one is the prettiest—don't you think so?" holding up a plain gold circlet.

Len didn't exactly agree with her, but if she thought so, of course it must be the prettiest.

The man smiled to himself as he placed the ring in a little white satin-lined case. Then they soberly walked out of the shop together.

When they reached Cousin Letitia's and Patty displayed Len's present, Aunt Martha exclaimed:

"Why, good gracious! It's a wedding ring!"

"Is it?" said Patty, looking surprised. "What a pity! Why, then, of course, I can't wear it."

"You can exchange it for another," said Len, eagerly.

"But it's unlucky to change a keepsake," Aunt Martha suggested.

"Then keep it, Patty, just to remind you of me sometimes. You needn't wear it if you don't like."

"I'd like to wear it," said Patty, looking wistfully at the bright gold circlet, as she turned it round and round. "But, of course, I couldn't wear a wedding ring, unless—unless I was married."

"Of course not," said Aunt Martha.

And then she suddenly remembered that she was to help Cousin Letitia get tea, and went out of the room, leaving the couple alone.

Patty was still looking down at the ring now glittering on her finger. Len's face was very much flushed as he, too, contemplated the golden circlet and the little hand which it adorned.

Patty slowly drew it off and held it out to him, with the most innocent air in the world.

"But, Patty, couldn't you wear it if—if you were married?"

"If it were my wedding ring—yes."

"And—" he hesitated, while Patty listening, almost trembled—"would you accept it as a wedding ring?"

"From whom?" looking up, with an expression of innocent inquiry.

"From myself, of course."

Patty's face blushed brightly. There was an expression of triumph in her eyes, despite their innocence. The vision of the seven years of waiting rolled away. Len at last had spoken.

"Would you—will you, Patty?" he pleaded.

And she replied, in a voice that faltered, despite herself:

"Perhaps I will, Len, since it is so pretty; and I do so want to wear it."

Then she looked up, and, meeting his eyes fixed wistfully, half-doubtingly upon her, she burst into tears.

And Aunt Martha, hurrying away from the other side of the door, said to herself:

"It's really wonderful how that child did lead and coax him on to come to the p'int at last! 'Liz'beth Jane herself couldn't have done it better."

Tom Hale departed alone next morning on his journey to Australia, and Aunt Martha and Patty rode back home, driven by Leonard.

And in less than three months thereafter Patty was wearing her wedding ring.—Chicago Herald.

A Folding Ladder Invented.

There has been patented by a New York man a folding ladder comprising a tube cut in two sections lengthwise, with a row of pivot pins in each half to support the rungs, which are loosely mounted to allow the two parts of the tube to shut up and contain the rungs in the interior.

The Gentleman.

The man who never forgets that he is a gentleman also remembers that there are others.—Chicago Daily News.

THE ANGELUS.

Curious History of the Famous Painting by Millet.

The most famous of modern pictures, The Angelus, after touring America like a prima donna, has been bought back into France for 700,000 francs—a tidy bit of money in any language.

The history of this picture is more than interesting; it is an ironic tragedy. In the first place, The Angelus is not a Millet, or, at least, very little of it is his work. As a painting it was never more than mediocre. Millet was not above painting pot-boilers, and The Angelus was one of these hurried and scamped productions. Whether the artist, in his poverty, used cheap paints, or whether the picture was badly varnished by heedless amateurs, I do not know, but it began to crack and scale before it had a fair chance of being known. At this period The Angelus was all Millet, and no one dreamed of calling it a masterpiece; no one ever imagined that it would be looked upon as a symbol of France and would tour the world like a prima donna. Little by little it began to peel. Flakes fell off here and there. In a word, it underwent the slow, painful process of a boy recovering from scarlet fever. The dealer who owned the picture at that time called in his expert workmen, and as fast as a flake fell off they painted in the blank space. (By the way, two of these repairers are now artists who have attained success; their names need not be mentioned.) In the meantime, Millet died. The Angelus was exhibited in Paris. Critics and poets began to see that it was the symbol of France—the symbol of the eternal peasant with the empty hands. And month by month the picture became less a Millet, and in exact proportion its fame spread in the world. Always little patches of paint kept puffing up, cracking, dropping off, and always the workmen replaced the falling pieces, until there was hardly a brush mark of Millet's left on the canvas—nothing except the signature and a little of the monotonous sky across which comes the sound of the far-off bells. Then, at last, The Angelus entered definitely upon its career of glory, touring America.

The grim irony of it is that Millet will always be famous for a picture which is not his—save the signature and a hand's breadth of sky. It's an old story on earth. We do not often praise in a man what is praiseworthy, and occasionally we praise him for another man's best. What nine people in ten admire in Shakespeare is Colley Cribber—the retouching of some actor or manager. And all of us love Dr. Johnson for the things Boswell said for him. It's the way of the world; but I wonder what Millet would have thought of this Angelus which is not his.—Saturday Evening Post.

TYPES AMONG THE NEGROES.

Great Mental Differences Noticed by a Scientist.

The variety of physical quality which appears to exist among the negroes is important, for the reason that it appears to be associated with mental differences even as great, thus affording a basis for the differentiation of the people as regards occupations and consequent station in life. It is even more difficult to get at the mental peculiarities of the several groups of black folk than it is to ascertain those of their bodies, so what I shall now set forth is stated with much doubt. It represents my own opinion, qualified by that of others whose judgments I have sought. In the Guinea type we have a folk of essentially limited intelligence. The children are rather nimble-witted, but when the body begins to be mature it dominates the mind. It seems likely that thus the largest element of the race is to find its place in the field or in the lower stages of craft work. The Zulu type appears to me fit for anything that the ordinary men of our own race can do. They remain through life alert and with a capacity for a vigorous reaction with their associates. From them may come the leaders of their kindred of less masterful quality. From the Arab type we may expect more highly educable people than is afforded by the other distinct groups. They have more delicate qualities. They lack the wholesome exuberance of the ordinary negro, which is commonly termed "bumptiousness."—Prof. N. S. Shaler, in Appletons' Popular Science Monthly

A Source of Wonder.

When a busy man has time to think about it, he wonders how the idle people with no means of support manage to dress so well.—Atchison Globe.

AN IMPORTANT WORK.

The Division of Forestry of the Department of Agriculture.

The division of forestry of the department of agriculture accomplishes each year most valuable work. During the last fiscal year practical and paying forestry has been successfully introduced on two tracts of land of a total area of 108,000 acres, and it has now entered its second year under greatly improved circumstances, while the preparation of working plans for conservative lumbering has been in progress with a view to more than twice that acreage. Important modifications and practical methods of lumbering have been suggested by the division, and introduced by private owners on a large scale with marked success, although more than 400,000 acres have come under the care of the agents of the division with a view to the practical introduction of improved methods. The total requests for such work to date have exceeded 1,600,000 acres. Forest fires have been studied historically, and practically at some length, in eight states in the field, and results of importance have been reached. A plan for systematic contributions to the knowledge of North American forests has been devised and has already yielded very valuable results. A system for a photographic forest description of the United States has been worked out, and the collection is well under way. The division is in close and fruitful cooperation with the forest work of the United States geological survey. The technical assistants under the supervision of the heads of sections are of various grades. The first grade is that of "collaborators." This grade is filled by experts of established reputation in forestry, lumbering or tree planting. They are scattered throughout the country, and their function is to prepare and forward for publication treatises on subjects previously agreed upon. There are now eight of these gentlemen, and the Forester is certainly correct in saying that they will be able to prepare authoritative statements of great value at very moderate cost, for the pay of a collaborator is only $300 per annum. The grade of "student assistant" is an important one, and only those are selected who desire to adopt forestry as their profession, and the demand exceeds the number of positions which can be offered. The practical experience which they gain is in no sense intended to replace thorough training at forestry schools. There are 28 of these assistants, and they receive $25 per month as pay.

WHITE AND DARK MEATS.

An Old Medical Opinion Upset by a Recent Analysis.

In a recent series of articles, published in a German medical journal, Drs. Offer and Rosenquist deal with the opinion that has been accepted by many that white meats are more suitable for the sick owing to greater digestibility and the presence of less uric acid and nitrogenous extractives. This belief is shaken by the analysis made by the medical men referred to, which shows that while white meats such as poultry and fish do in certain cases, as fish and fresh venison—contain less extractive and nitrogenous derivatives, the average amount does not appreciably differ in dark and white meats such as poultry, veal, beef, pork, mutton, etc., to make either preferable. They point out that the only way of limiting the ingestion of these deleterious extractive and nitrogenous substances is by diminishing the amount of meat taken, rather than by forbidding dark meats. They also asserted that among the extractives present in meat the most important ones are by no means harmful, if taken in small quantities as is ordinarily done. The same holds good as regards the other organic extractives which are nitrogenous.—Scientific American.

Natural-Born Citizens.

I am asked who are natural-born citizens. They are citizens born within the territory of the United States. There was a discussion of the eligibility of a person for the presidency who was born of American parents in a foreign land when Speaker Crisp, of Georgia, who was born of American parents temporarily residing in England, was proposed as a candidate for the presidency, and the general trend of opinion was that such a person, being fully recognized as a citizen of the United States, and being eligible to other offices, is eligible to the presidency.—William E. Curtis, in Chicago Record.

The Human Race.

In the human race the butcher holds the steaks.—Chicago Daily News.

WOMAN'S INTUITION.

Praised by One Man and Illustrated by Another.

The group in the cozy corner of the Grunewald lobby was talking about the intuitions of women, and a voluble gentleman from Chattanooga had just concluded a glowing encomium upon that quality in the sex. "Yes, it's quite true," said a stockman from Nebraska, after a short pause. "Women certainly do have intuitions that take the place of judgment, and, just to illustrate the point which has been made so beautifully by our friend from Tennessee, I'll tell you a little story:

"In 1885 I had a horse ranch on the North Platte, 25 miles due west of Singleton. That part of Nebraska wasn't much settled then, and the country between the station and my place was a bare, rolling prairie, inhabited by nothing but coyotes and jack rabbits. Early one morning in the last part of October I started to town in my light wagon to get some supplies. A cowboy named Jack Cutting, who worked on the ranch, went along for company, and we had gone perhaps a mile when I happened to look around and saw my wife standing on a litle knoll by the house, waving a towel tied to a stick.

"Naturally, I was startled. 'Something's wrong!' I said, and started the team back on a dead run. My wife met us, all out of breath. 'Here's your match box, Will!' she panted, handing me a little German silver case. 'You went off without it, and I've just filled it for you fresh.' We had had a very open fall that year, and the weather was like May, and as neither Jack nor myself smoked, or had any intention of cooking on the road, I was pretty mad to be called back on such a fool errand. 'Plague take the matches!' I snapped. 'You've made us lose half an hour!' and I whipped up the team.

"Now, if you've ever been in Nebraska you know it's a country of sudden changes—political and climatic. That morning the thermometer must have marked nearly 60; by noon it had tumbled 20 degrees, and before two o'clock a terrific snowstorm swept down out of the northwest, and closed in on us like a bank of fog. To cap the climax, the team, scared at a prairie wolf, ran away for half a mile, and when I brought them up at last we were so turned around we didn't know north from south.

"To go on at random on that desolate prairie was straight-out madness. The only thing to do was to stay right there until the storm blew over, but, never having dreamed of such an emergency, we had taken no wraps or blankets, and we were already half frozen. Fortunately, we had brought along some empty crates. 'We'll break 'em up,' said Jack, 'and can knock enough other wood off of the wagon to make a fire that will keep us alive until we get our bearings. What a lucky thing you have those matches!' 'Yes,' I said, with tears in my eyes. 'Wise little woman! And to think I scolded her! I shall never forgive myself!'

"In five minutes we had cleared a space in the snow and had a heap of light wood ready. I took out the German silver case, opened it with my numbed fingers, and—" The Nebraska man paused and slowly cut the end off a cigar. "Well?" exclaimed the gentleman from Chattanooga, impatiently, "what happened next?" "My thoughtful wife had filled the case with safety matches that strike only on the box," replied the Nebraskan, quietly.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

A BLOW TO THE CLASSICS.

Choctaw Used to Reply to a Quotation from Tacitus.

The decline of the use of classical quotations in legislative bodies may be traced to the case of Edward Everett, who once concluded a stately speech in congress with a long, sonorous and superbly modulated citation of a passage from Tacitus, and then took his seat. No sooner was he through than up sprang a burly member from what was then a frontier state of the west. He had once been an Indian agent, and no sooner was he on his legs than he began to pour out a vehement harangue in Choctaw. After awhile the speaker called him to order. "I don't see why my freedom of speech should be abridged," he cried. "You let the gentleman from Massachusetts run on, and I didn't understand the first word of his lingo any better than he does mine." The scene was described as very comical, but it struck the death knell of further classical quotations in a congress that had not the ray of an idea what the unintelligible lingo of Cicero and Tacitus was driving at.—Boston Herald.

REPORTERS ADJOURN SENATE.

How a Couple of Breezy Newspaper Men Ran the Illinois Upper House.

"Well, that bumps me," said the colonel, as he began fanning himself with a Panama hat, relates the Chicago Inter Ocean. "I know that the cheek of these newspaper reporters is always in full flower, but I didn't know that they assumed to legislate for the state."

"All I know is," asserted the judge, again, "that two newspaper reporters once adjourned a session of the Illinois senate."

"How'd they do it? Choke the speaker with copy paper?"

"No; they were very civilized about it. It was one day when everybody expected a dull session, and only two of us senators put in an appearance, counting Dave Littler, who was in the chair.

"'I want to get an interview with Littler when this thing's over,' said one newspaper man.

"'So do I,' said the other. 'I move that we adjourn,' he shouted at Littler.

"'I second the motion,' said the first reporter.

"'It is moved and seconded that we now adjourn,' said Littler, solemnly. 'Those in favor will signify it in the usual manner.

"'Aye!' shouted both of the reporters.

"'Carried!' said Littler."

Very Embarrassing.

When the new minister, a handsome and unmarried man, made his first pastoral call at the Fosdicks' he took little Anna up in his arms and tried to kiss her. But the child refused to be kissed. She struggled loose and ran off into the next room, where her mother was putting a few finishing touches to her adornment before going into the parlor to greet the clergyman.

"Mamma," the little girl whispered, "the man in the parlor wanted me to kiss him."

"Well," replied mamma, "why didn't you let him? I would if I were you."

Thereupon little Anna ran back into the parlor and the minister asked:

"Well, little lady, won't you kiss me now?"

"No, I won't," replied Anna, promptly, "but mamma says she will."—Harper's Bazar.

A Resourceful Phrase.

A kind-hearted clergyman was lately compelled to dismiss a clever gardener, who used to purloin his fruit and vegetables. For the sake of his wife and family he gave him a character and this is how he worded it: "I hereby certify that A. B. has been my gardener for over two years, and that during that time he got more out of my garden than any man I ever employed."—Collier's Weekly.

A child sometimes gets on the wrong track because of a misplaced switch. — Chicago Daily News.

As a moss gatherer the rolling joke heads the list.—Chicago Daily News.